

LIFE TERM, WILSON'S DREAM, SAYS M'COMBS

It was pretty generally conceded among all Democrats. Of course, the minds of the people were centered upon one question—that was keeping us out of that terrible conflagration.

HUGHES' DEFEAT PROPHESED

They thought that Wilson, having been President for one term, should be re-elected for the second. Therefore, the successful campaign of 1916, which would have gone the other way had Mr. Hughes been a bit thoughtful and diplomatic in California.

I recall going to the Republican Chicago convention after making arrangements for the St. Louis convention. The Chicago convention was a week before the Democratic convention at St. Louis. I wanted to see the forces operating there. I learned from a very confidential source that Hughes would be the nominee. The rest was parade.

I went to a hotel and met some friends among the Republican leaders. They, in a jocular way at luncheon, said: "Your convention is settled, now what shall we do?"

"Well," I replied, "I know exactly what you're going to do. You're going to take the man with whiskers from New York. Now, I'm going to tell you, since you're utterly tied up, what you ought to do. You should name Harding or Burton, of Ohio."

"WIN WITH HARDING," SAID M'COMBS

"You have had a little factional trouble out there and Ohio will go for Wilson unless you patch it up. If things go on as they are Wilson will carry Ohio. If you nominate Harding or Burton you will carry Ohio, and the next President will be a Republican."

My guess was correct, as many of those disappointed friends whom I met there have since told me.

Mr. McCombs' prophecy was fulfilled. Neither Warren G. Harding nor any other Ohio Republican was nominated for the Presidency in 1916. Charles E. Hughes, of New York, was. He lost Ohio, and Wilson was re-elected. Four years later Mr. Harding was nominated. He carried the country by the unprecedented plurality of seven millions.

Wilson Grudge Shown In Futile Cabinet Plot To Eclipse Mr. McCombs

CHAPTER II.

McCombs Quits as National Chairman—Defeats All McAdoo-Burleson-Tumulty Plots to Oust Him—Wilson Coterie Conspires Four Years to Supplant the President-Maker

McCombs, the instant he became Postmaster General, filled his offices with ardent Wilson-McAdoo satellites.

Daniels Also Aligned

Daniels used the Navy Department as an adjunct to the Wilson dynasty, and even Cabinet officers, except perhaps Secretary of War, Lindley D. Garrison, seemed allied with the President to exclude McCombs and his friends.

In December, 1915, however, the plot to depose McCombs was resumed in earnest. Willis J. Abbot, in a special to the New York American, exposed it. Here is what that able journalist wrote on the eve of the Democratic national committee meeting of December 7, 1915:

"The Democratic national committee will meet here next Tuesday to fix the time and place for the next national convention. Four cities are contestants for honor—San Francisco, St. Louis, Dallas, and Chicago. There is lively interest in a topic not specified in the call, but which, nevertheless, is likely to engross the attention of the committee."

Plots McCombs' Ouster

"That is the effort to force the retirement of Chairman William F. McCombs and the substitution for him of Committeeman Fred B. Lynch, of Minnesota."

"This project is purely an Administration move."

"At the White House this will be gravely denied; but men in the closest relation to the President do not hesitate to admit their participation in the war upon McCombs."

"Before the combination now arrayed against the chairman, the record of his effective work for Mr. Wilson's nomination both before and at the Baltimore convention is likely to be displayed in vain."

"Mr. Wilson, who permitted the sidetracking of McCombs during the campaign and thrust him into comparative obscurity in the first flush of victory, is now determined upon his complete obliteration from politics."

"Of course, such action as the enforced retirement of a national chairman of the national committee between campaigns is without precedent in the Democratic or any other party."

"Viewed dispassionately, it would seem merely the expression of a private grudge, for between conventions chairman of a national committee is without authority or any useful function. In

Repeated polls of the National Committee, however, revealed a big majority for McCombs. Many stood by McCombs because they were angered by the President's persistent rejection of the merest suggestion as to the patronage or policy presented by them through their chairman. They were boldly and coldly informed that "McCombs' O. K. does not go with W. W. See McAdoo, Tumulty or Joe Daniels!"

Any National Committeeman suspected of so much as sympathizing with McCombs was denied the slightest consideration. Any who dared make a request through McCombs was blacklisted.

For upward of three years few, if any, avowed McCombs' devotees could get the appointment of even his village postmaster. Meantime, McAdoo was constructing a well-fortified and powerful machine through the Treasury.

theory, at least, the committee is free from interest in any particular candidate for the nomination and exists for the sole purpose of arranging a convention which shall be free for all.

"This, however, is not the view of the Wilson forces. They want the committee reorganized and made a fighting force for the President's renomination. An official closely identified with the political side of the administration said today:

"We must get rid of McCombs because, while he controls the committee, we can't begin the campaign for the President's nomination. We can't raise a dollar while he is at the head of things. He has antagonized many of our strongest supporters, and we are absolutely blocked by his continual control."

"All of which is well enough if the national committee is to be regarded merely as a Wilson machine. But the effort to make it one has arrayed against the administration plan many members who care little for McCombs, but will show their resentment against the administration by fighting for his continuance in office."

McCombs Fights Back

"Mr. McCombs expresses a confidence in the outcome which his friends do not share. And which perhaps at heart he does not feel. That any effort to depose him at this meeting will result in a nasty fight, and a serious injury to the party, few doubt. It might be shrewdly seized upon by Bryan to widen the split he is planning to make in the party."

"But there can be no doubt of the power of Wilson to force his earliest and perhaps most efficient champion out if he so desires. The only question is whether prudence will lead the President to put a curb on his followers who are now proclaiming their purpose to force the issue next Tuesday."

But the Wilson-McAdoo plot to put Chairman McCombs out did not succeed. A majority of the National Committee would not tolerate such a suggestion. They denounced it long before the committee met at Washington, December 7, for the ostensible task of selecting the date and place for the national convention of 1916.

Weeks before the committee got together, McCombs had a big majority pledged not only to his retention as chairman, but to vote with him to send the convention to St. Louis.

Keeps Rivals Split

He reached Washington two days in advance of the committee meeting. He found the Wilson-McAdoo group split among three men who had been suggested for his successor: They were Frederick B. Lynch, of Minnesota; Vance McCormick, of Pennsylvania; and Henry Morgenthau, of New York. McCombs made it his job to keep them split.

The Lynch coterie had lined up behind Chicago as the convention city. Some of the McCormick men were for St. Louis; some for Chicago, and some behind Postmaster General Albert B. Burleson to send the President-makers to Dallas, Tex. As for Morgenthau, there seemed to be no votes for him at all.

McCombs clinched a renewed grip on the party's national machine by inducing the committee to select St. Louis for the convention.

The President, hearing that the anti-McCombs movement had proved abortive, ordered the fight to cease.

Mr. McCombs here resumed his story:

The National Committee, as was customary, met the first week of January, 1916, to make preliminary arrangements for the convention to come. There was a good attendance. After attending to our business we were informed that we were invited to the White House to luncheon the next day.

Wilson Feast Dismal

Of the many luncheons I ever attended, this was the most curious. Many of the committee did not desire to go. They told me so. I advised them that it was proper under the circumstances to go, notwithstanding their individual feeling. I went.

I never attended such a funeral function in my life. Every committeeman seemed embarrassed, ill at ease. The meal was eaten almost in silence.

I, of course, was put on the President's right. Homer S. Cummings was on his left. We could pump no language out of him. Therefore, we turned to our neighbors. One committeeman, seated some distance, handed in a note behind the others to me, with these words on it:

"This looks like the last supper."

When we had consumed the wines set before us, everybody was anxious to go.

When it was suggested that our picture be taken, we had to comply. So we went out behind the

White House. A member of the committee said to me: "I wonder if he wants our fingerprints, too?" After the picture was taken everybody moved away from the White House and took a fresh breath of air.

Having secured from his colleagues the vote of confidence he desired, McCombs planned to quit of his own accord.

McCombs Drops Out

April 24, 1916, he served formal notice that he desired no identification with the movement to violate the Baltimore platform pledge by naming the President for a second term.

Mr. McCombs wrote President Wilson:

"My Dear Mr. President—I have just formed a new partnership for the practice of law, which will become effective the first of May. The change will necessitate my devoting substantially all my time to my profession. My political activities must be largely curtailed. My arrangements, however, will justify my proceeding through to the end of the convention at St. Louis."

"In view of the party precedent that the nominee for the Presidency is requested to indicate his preference for the chairmanship of the national committee, and in view of the unity of sentiment for your renomination, I am writing you at the earliest moment to let you know that I could not, under any circumstances, assume the leadership of the coming Democratic campaign. I am happy in the thought, however, that there are hosts of able and true men who can readily take my place."

"The Democratic organization is loyal to your policies and your purposes. We all feel assured of a triumphant result for you and for the party nominees in November."

"For five years now, I have been in the active service of the party, and it is with a keen feeling of regret that my activities are of necessity to be more limited. If within the limits of my time I can be of assistance, be assured that I am always available."

"With assurance of high regard, Sincerely yours, WILLIAM F. M'COMBS."

The President replied:

"My Dear Mr. McCombs: I have your letter expressing me of your inability to retain the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee for the approaching campaign."

"I fully appreciate the necessity you feel yourself to be under to resign after the convention shall have been held in June; I know that you would not have reached such a decision had not your new business obligations made it unavoidable. I do not feel at liberty therefore, to urge you to make the sacrifice that a retention of the chairmanship would in the circumstances involve."

President "Regrets"

"You have made many and great sacrifices already for the party, and I know that I am speaking the sentiment of all loyal Democrats when I express the very deep appreciation I have felt of the great services you have ungrudgingly rendered."

"I am sure that the greatest regrets will be felt at your retirement, and that a host of friends will join me in the hope that your new business connections will bring you continued abundant success."

"With best wishes, Sincerely yours, WOODROW WILSON."

EDITOR'S NOTE—After the inauguration of President Wilson and the meeting of the Democratic National Committee which re-elected Mr. McCombs chairman, he returned to New York, to the practice of law with his partner, Frederick R. Ryan, at No. 61 Broadway. But having "waded through fire," overtaking his strength to make Woodrow Wilson President, he had to pay a terrible penalty of shattered health.

He was advised to go for a rest in Europe, where he could not be beset by office-seekers. He did so, but found himself so isolated in London as the maker of a President that, after two months there, he went to Paris. He was taken seriously ill and, on July 8, 1918, was operated upon by Dr. Du Bouche, the famous French surgeon, for appendicitis.

His recovery was followed by a happy season in Paris during which Mr. McCombs became engaged to Miss Dorothy Williams, daughter of Colonel John R. Williams, J. S. A., and a sister of Mrs. Joseph Letter, of Chicago. They were married in London in the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Peter and St. Edward within the shadow of Buckingham Palace, by the Rev. Father Bernard Vaughn, the subscribing witnesses being the American Ambassador to London, Walter H. Page; the American Ambassador to Paris, Myron T. Herrick; Lord Derby; the Earl of Suffolk; the Earl and Countess of Craven, and Charles W. Halsey, a Princeton classmate, who was Mr. McCombs' best man.

Mrs. McCombs had met Miss Williams at the inauguration of President Wilson in Washington. After their return to the United States Mr.

BERNARD SHAW GIVES VIEWS ON DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER PICTURES

Noted English Man of Letters Amazed by Fight Films

By BERNARD SHAW.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—I have just seen the Carpentier-Dempsey fight for the heavyweight championship of the world in London in the "movies."

I had a much better view of it than nine-tenths of the people who saw it in the flash from Mr. Tex Rickard's benches in New Jersey. I could have seen it three or four times over without leaving my seat. Perhaps I should have done so if it had not been padded out with a great deal of matter (including some very dull boxing and some bogus training) of the sort that bears seeing once and once only. I am tempted to moralize on the enormous propaganda of pugilism that is being effected by this film, which repeats the fight again and again before millions of people all over the globe, and goes on for a year after the newspapers have been compelled to reject every allusion to it as intolerably stale.

WILL NOT MORALIZE.

But I refrain, and return to the subject only because of its technical interest for boxers, and the right of a boxing film to its criticism equally with ordinary sob stuff.

And first, I must warn those who have seen Monsieur Carpentier only at New Jersey or in this film that they have no idea of what he is like and what he can do when he is at the top of his form and master of the situation. The film shows only what he can do when he is sandbagged. This is no excuse for his defeat. It was Mr. Dempsey's business to sandbag him, and it was his own business to prevent Mr. Dempsey from sandbagging him.

Instead of doing so, he offered Dempsey (who will allow me to drop the ceremonious Mr.) every facility for the operation, and got it very literally in the neck. That he nevertheless put up a tremendous fight is true; Dempsey escaped defeat again and again by a millimeter, but in boxing a millimeter is as good as a mile; and though Carpentier only once failed to get his blows home, he had not the luck to land them on the fatal spot which makes it possible for one blow to decide a boxing contest.

CARPENTIER'S FORM GONE.

He rose indomitably to a desperate situation, and fought fiercely and fearfully to the last second with heroic pugnacity when all save honor was lost; but though able to box he was not able to think. His form was gone; he could not time his terrific left to stop his always aggressive adversary; and his right, though it could still stagger Dempsey by its mere impact, was not the perfectly artistic straight right, like a fencer's trust, that laid out Beckett.

His sidestepping was so perfect that Dempsey never once succeeded in getting him against the ropes with his retreat cut off; and after every such evasion he dashed at his man with a one-two that seemed to smash in before Dempsey could lift an elbow. But swift and fierce as it was, it was not the considered and finished delivery of Carpentier the artist; it was like the one-two of any other boxer who feels like a rat in a corner.

Except in the first round, when he was so plainly beaten that I do not quite know why Dempsey did not finish him, he was a possible winner up to the last moment, even assuming that his right was disabled by the sensational blow which might have, but did not, put Dempsey to sleep in the third round; for he still had a knockout blow in him, and Dempsey, like Beckett, could not stop it or dodge it.

But even if he had landed on the right spot and won the fight it would still have been true that the spec-

and Mrs. McCombs were entertained at the White House.

Governor Glynn offered Mr. McCombs the position of Public Service Commissioner, the most lucrative office within the gift of the Governor, but Mr. McCombs declined, saying that he could not afford to abandon his law practice.

Mr. McCombs was chairman of the platform committee in the New York State convention of 1914, and a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1915. His only other political activities were as chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

NEXT SUNDAY—No McCombs' Promises of Offices, But Applicants Be Harred Because He Urged Them—Victims of Wilson's Thanklessness—President Makers Punished and Hindered Outcasts by Executive Edicts—Sullivan Opposed for United States Senator After Clinging President's Nomination—Murphy Asks: "Will Wilson Break US?"—Senator Reed Persecuted.

tators would have been left without any notion of what Carpentier's style is at its best.

TRIBUTE TO DEMPSEY.

On the other hand, the film does Dempsey the justice that the print-reports of the fight (at least those that I have seen) denied him. The belief that he is a mere ruffian who is so tough that he will take every thing that any boxer can give him and batter him to bits afterward winning his fights as a gorilla might, has hardly half a grain of truth in it.

He fights with an intense seriousness and a will to victory not less formidable than the same qualities in Carpentier. For fighting purposes he is not on a lower level than Carpentier; the two adversaries were worthy of one another in that respect, though I doubt whether they knew it; indeed, I think that each undervalued the other, and I can well believe that Dempsey, as a London Times correspondent reported, was amazed when he saw the film, at the fighting quality of the man whom he had been too busy beating to criticize. Another surprise is that his knockout punch is not as decisive as Carpentier's.

It did not come in the first round when it seemed to be called for. When Carpentier first dropped in the last round he rested in the most self-possessed professional manner until nine was counted, and then sprang to his feet in good order, and though the coup de grace, which came presently, jolted him out of all power to co-ordinate his movements, he was quite conscious, and made a desperate struggle, half raising himself and turning over with all his limbs reaching wildly to get a purchase somewhere before the fatal ten was called.

Beckett had no such nightmare when he was knocked out by Carpentier; he did not hear the count, and woke up an astonished man, having no idea that the fight was over.

SIZE NO ADVANTAGE.

I must repeat here what I said before the fight, that the plea that Dempsey had an unfair advantage as the bigger man is all nonsense. Carpentier was quite big enough and strong enough to make the match a fair one. Some of the greatest boxers have been middleweights; and the giants have seldom justified the faith inspired by their names. Both men displayed extraordinary physical power and the result had nothing whatever to do with the weights and measurements. The film exhibition of their muscles shows Dempsey as muscle-bound and Carpentier as perfectly lithe. The odds were on Carpentier all the time for those who, like myself, had never seen Dempsey at work. And if the two were to meet again, and Carpentier were to take the lesson of his defeat to heart, and change his tactics accordingly, the betting would be on him again; for he is Dempsey's master at out-fighting and footwork.

And now for Dempsey's positive technical qualities. He is the best fighter in the American style I have ever seen. If Carpentier had been well advised he would have entered the ring with these words branded on his brain: "When you hit Dempsey, and he is still alive, get away, and get away quickly." And by getting away I do not mean the side-stepping and slipping by which Carpentier saved himself so cleverly every time Dempsey tried to rush him. I mean what he did with Beckett when Mr. Angle was referee: that is, step straight in with his lead and spring straight back out of half-arm reach when he landed, the referee being in his proper place out of the ring, and bent on having a display of boxing as distinguished from pollywogging. This is the old English style, and none of its ancient practitioners ever heard or dreamt of hitting or being hit on the back of the neck. In modern American practice, however, the occiput seems to be the favorite mark.

FITES POOR REFEREE.

It is de rigueur, when you have led off, or countered a lead-off, to crouch, clinch and being pounding your man on the atlas process, or hanging him over the kidneys, trying meanwhile to hold his arms locked under yours until the referee, who is in the ring all the time, takes part in the combat and violently tears the clinchers asunder. (Incidentally I may say that if ever I act as referee in an American glove fight I shall demand at least an equal share of the gate money and cinema rights with the rival champions, as I shall have to work just as hard and I get no glory by it.)

At this game Dempsey is consummately skilful, cool, systematic, indefatigable and ruinously damaging. Carpentier, his superior at out-fighting, cannot touch him at it. I suppose Carpentier, vain of his weak point, fancied himself at it, and went into the fight confident that he could beat Dempsey as easily at it as at long shots. At all events, in the very first exchange, instead of getting away, he deluged

ately followed up to close quarters, crouched and clinched. In ten seconds he had lost the fight.

Dempsey had him hammered ally before he knew where he was. Dempsey's fists never stopped for a moment, though they never moved wildly. Jab and jolt, bang and pound; they were all over Carpentier, especially on the occiput. That as the sandbag. If left Carpentier in such a state that he was forced to clinch again and again lest Dempsey should treat him as he himself had treated Beckett, and knock him out with a pot-shot while he was dazed. And every time he clinched the hammering began again as insistently, as skilfully, as destructively as ever.

If Carpentier had not had a demon of endurance and determination in him he could not have got through the round. As it was, he went to his corner a desperate man, without having given a single demonstration of the classical pugilism that has made him the idol of artists as well as of bruisers.

The issue was now pretty nar-

WIFE DIVORCED IN JAPAN BY 3 LINE LETTER

TOKYO, Oct. 1.—A divorce in Japan is called "the three-line letter," the explanation of the quaint term being that divorce was formerly a matter for the pleasure of the husband, who, when he wished to get rid of a wife dismissed her with a certificate written in three lines and a half.

The fine simplicity of the proceeding is revealed in translations of a number of old certificates which have been made by Dr. Shigato Hosumi, a legal authority. One reads:

Certificate of Divorce. I hereby certify for purposes of future reference that your daughter to whom I got married should be divorced, as I do not agree with her and henceforth she is free to marry any person.

IWASE TOMOSABURO.

Still more plain is the reason annexed to the following:

Certificate of Divorce. I hereby announce that the woman called O-Yone is divorced according to my own convenience, and she is free to marry any person.

KAMEKICHI.

Even when the husband was a "scallywag," and admitted it, the procedure still followed the same lofty masculine line, as witness a certificate in which the husband pleads guilty in the document in which he effects the divorce:

Certificate of Divorce.

Because of the inexcusable misbehavior that I committed recently to the great annoyance of our relatives, I hereby announce that you are divorced, and I shall raise no objections whatever against your marrying with whomsoever you desire.

HUSBAND THE JUDGE.

The above was clearly a case in which in America there would have been a divorce against the errant husband, but the Eastern conception of the wife's place in the family still left the matter wholly to the decision of her lord and master.

Divorce used to be very common among the lower classes and very rare among the rich. The difference is sarcastically explained by Prof. Chamberlain when he asks why should a man take the trouble to get divorced from an uncongenial wife when any wife occupies too inferior a position to be able to make herself a serious nuisance, and when society has no objection to his keeping any number of mistresses? The seven grounds for divorce, according to the old code, were disobedience, barrenness, lewd conduct, jealousy, disease, talking too much, and thievishness. There were, on the other hand, three cases in which he could not divorce her: If the wife had strictly observed the mourning for her parents-in-law, if he had become richer than when they were married and if the wife had no home to return to.

RULES ARE ANCIENT.

These rules, it should be said, date from the old days—that is, before 1893—but, with the great majority of Japanese, divorce still remains very much a matter of the husband's sovereign will and pleasure. If a marriage is registered it can only be dissolved on legal grounds, but so many people keep to the old customs, and opt the new fangled formality of registration, after the ceremony, there are still a large number of marriages which can be ended by a "three-line letter."

Do not imagine, however, that the Japanese wife is a downtrodden creature. Social traditions have limited the sphere within which she may exercise her activities but she still lives a happy and useful life, and one sees far fewer specimens of unhappy womanhood in the cities of Japan than in the east ends of the West.

Two Were Worthy of Each Other, Famous Socialist Declares

row. Dempsey was bound to win at in-fighting; and as Carpentier persisted in the American routine of going into a clinch, at every exchange, he played Dempsey's game for him. But there were still his terrible long shots, which were too quick for Dempsey (who, however, is by no means slow); and any one of them, if it jarred the funny-bone which Dempsey must have in his jaw like other mortals, would win him the fight.

He did land a veritable thunder-bolt in the third round. I cannot say, as Carpentier has said, that I saw Dempsey's knees give, nor, as Corbett has said, that I saw his eyes roll up; but I saw enough of its effect to know that Dempsey had a piece of luck like that of the batsman who skies a ball into the hands of mid-on, and sees it slip through his fingers. But instead of disabling Dempsey it appears that it disabled Carpentier by laming his hand; and at this, the only moment at which it seemed the right policy for him to follow up, he could not do so effectively.

He got in many other long shots; and Dempsey stopped most of them with his countenance as far as I could see; but the end was always the same; a clinch, and Dempsey master of his opponent, weakening him with body blows and stunning him with thumps on the spinal cord. Dempsey never lost his form, and never gave the French champion a moment's rest.

Carpentier avoided all his leads by slipping him; but Dempsey always knew where to find him and follow him up; and though, as he came on, Carpentier, with an unquenchable fighting spirit, would dash at him and let him have both fists in his face, he never hesitated nor hurried and was presently hammering away body to body as systematically as if he were working on a ship's plates instead of on a living antagonist, and very dangerous one, too.

DEMPSEY'S OWN STYLE WON.

In short, Dempsey did just the last thing that was expected of him: he not only won the fight, but impressed us by his morals. In his different way, and for the purpose of his profession, he is as remarkable a genius as Carpentier. He has just been very much belittled, both by the absurd underestimating of his opponent, which went on before the fight, and by the failure of the press critics of pugilism to appreciate his skill, his generalship and his resolution in carrying out his own methods.

I feel sure that he must have received in the days before the fight enough bad advice to secure his defeat ten times over. I am equally sure from what I saw on the screen that he went his own way to the end. There was something in the way he picked up Carpentier the moment the count was finished that made one feel that he had foreknown his victory almost as certainly as the cinema spectators foreknow it now. His face before the fight begins is well worth studying.

And yet the odds were against him. If he ever meets a boxer of Carpentier's powers who will stick to the English classical school of boxing, and refuse to "mix it" in the American manner, he may be hard put to it to keep his championship.

Meanwhile, the verdict of British boxing on Carpentier must be "Serves him right for doing in America as the Americans do instead of sticking to the classical method of European civilization, of which he is the superlative exponent."

WOMEN NOW ATTEND.

For my part it would greatly revive my interest in boxing if the order "seconds out of the ring" were to include the referee, and if crouching and occipital pile-driving went the way of up-and-down fighting, and all the other practices that once made the ring a place for a gentleman, not to mention a lady. Ladies are becoming as common at glove fights and the films thereof as at polo matches.

At the cinema several ladies saw the fight when I did; and they were ordinary ladies, not Leicester-square ladies. Possibly this criticism may help them to understand what they are seeing, and encourage them to protest against American in-fighting as dull, ugly, and indefensible as a propagandist spectacle.

It produces decisions, because it produces disablement; and decisions are necessary to betting. But betting has always been the bane of honest boxing; and now that the star pugilists draw the same fees whether they win, lose, or draw, they would be well advised to make their films as spectacular as possible by cultivating exhibition boxing; and leaving the minor practitioners to make more money by selling rights than by winning them.